

The Democrat.

H. H. ADAMS, Publisher.
CAPE GIRARDEAU, MISSOURI.

TOMMY SPINK'S EARS.

Tommy Spink was a boy who brought bushels of joy to the hearts in the sleepy old school. But "was not his fine looks nor his liking for books, for he stood at the foot of a rule. But Tommy was blest above all the rest. When I knew in those jolly years, for in some funny way, but just how I can't say, he was able to wiggle his ears.

The lazy old clock would be dreaming, "tick-tock." And the room quite as still as a mouse. When some one of the crowd would dare sneaker out loud and arouse all the rest in the house. Then the teacher's command would be "Hold out your hands." And some one would shed a few tears. And all just because, Spinning Nature's set laws, Tommy Spink chose to wiggle his ears.

His scalp, so he said, was too big for his head. And he rolled it about as he willed. While his ears, in a way, so grotesque would go. So Tommy would wiggle his ears. You would laugh though you knew you'd be killed. And to this very day, when my knees are a gray, there is one recollection that cheers. As I think, with a smile, with what innocent glee, Tommy Spink used to wiggle his ears.

Oh, the years have been long since I left the glad throng I loved in those happy days. They have passed from my view. All those friends whom I knew. And are, through life's devious ways, all is fading, I find. Yet with pleasure my mind to that one youthful picture adheres. And from out the dim past I'll recall to the last. How Tommy Spink curled his ears.

—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

For Nothing Per Cent.

THE house in which Mr. William Johnson carried on the business of money lender and financial agent was in no way different from those surrounding it save that the downstairs front window bore the legend "Loan Office" in large black letters on a white ground. A quiet, orderly, middle-aged man was Mr. Johnson, and people who met him in the street and did not know him would have taken him for anything rather than a man who put out his money to carry.

Certainly there was nothing of the stylish about him as he sat one spring morning in his dingy office over a million-dollar amount of money. He was a tall, spare, loosely-built man, with a pale face and a thin, struggling crop of beard and whiskers that always looked as if it had grown in patches. Usually, when he was not talking to his clients, he carried a quill pen in his mouth; there was something in this habit that gave him the appearance of an abstracted man carrying a stick.

Mr. Johnson was deeply engrossed in the consideration of a certain entry in his account book when the door of the loan office opened very suddenly and set the bell ringing with sharp dissonance. He heard a light step in the lobby, which was partitioned off from the rest of the room. For a moment he did not answer the summons of the bell. It was never wise to be in too much haste to welcome callers. But presently he rose and opened the door, the quill pen still retaining its horizontal position in his mouth. He lifted his eyes carelessly from the little swing counter to the person who stood behind it. He was not easily surprised, for he had seen many strange things in his time, but what he now saw surprised him into a vague, uncomfortable silence.

Behind the little counter stood a young lady—may a girl—of some 18 or



"WHAT AMOUNT DO YOU WISH TO BORROW?"

19 years, fashionably dressed, evidently of good position and palpable refinement. Her pretty, fresh face, revealing itself to Mr. Johnson's astonished eyes from beneath the ravishments of a much belowered picture hat, seemed strangely out of keeping with the dingy color of the little lobby.

"Oh—er—ye are Mr. William Johnson," she said.

"Yes," answered Mr. Johnson.

"You—er, you—lend money, don't you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Johnson again.

"I—I want to borrow some money," she said, looking out of half-averted eyes at the money lender.

Mr. Johnson's first impulse was to stretch out his hand for one of the application forms which stood ready in a small box on the counter. But upon reflection he lifted the swinging shelf and asked his new client to step inside. When she had passed into the office he closed the door and joined her and from

sheer force of habit he restored the quill pen to his mouth. The girl saw the resemblance to the abstracted poodle, and a smile rippled over her face. Mr. Johnson did not observe it; he indicated a chair at the side of his desk and when the girl had taken it he resumed his own seat and looked at her.

"What amount did you wish to borrow, ma'am?" said Mr. Johnson.

"Oh—ah—well, £20."

"Now—," said Mr. Johnson, "I suppose you could furnish good security?"

"I thought that you—it says in your advertisement, you know, that you lend money on borrower's note of hand alone—I think that's how it's put, isn't it?—and no inquiries, and no securities— isn't that it?"

"To approved borrowers—yes," answered Mr. Johnson.

"Oh!" said the girl. "Oh! Then you—"

"We don't lend money without security," said Mr. Johnson. "Of course, if we know the party, and know that it's all right and safe, why, of course, in that case—"

"I see," said the girl. "Yes—of course, you don't know anything about me. How silly of me! I thought one had just to come and get the money and sign a paper or something."

The girl looked up from her parcel, with which she had been tracing imaginary patterns on the floor.

"Perhaps I'd better tell you all about it," she said. "Of course, you won't tell anybody, will you?"

"Never divulge professional secrets," said Mr. Johnson.

"Well, I want to borrow £20 to buy a bicycle. There!" said the girl, with a decisive tap of the parcel upon the floor. "You see, I've spent every penny of my quarter's allowance, and there's still a month before I've any more due—and I simply must have that bicycle, and I looked over all the advertisements about money, and I saw yours and so I came to you."

"Might I inquire what name, ma'am?" said Mr. Johnson.

"Oh, I'm Miss Lattimer—of course, you know my father—Mr. Robert Lattimer."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Johnson, more astonished than ever. "I've no doubt that he'd buy you a bicycle now."

"No, he won't. He thinks £200 a year quite enough for a girl to spend. No, I shall have to buy my own bicycle."

Mr. Johnson took the quill out of his mouth and scratched his head with the feathered end of it.

"I'm afraid your father wouldn't approve, ma'am," he began.

"Oh, he's not to know, you know. This is a little deal just between you and me. After all, it's not getting things on credit, is it? Because the money will really be mine when you've lent it to me, won't it?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Johnson.

"That's all right, then?" said Miss Lattimer, triumphantly. "Well, have I got to sign any papers or anything Mr. Johnson?"

"It is usual to make inquiries before completing."

"Oh, but I've no time for inquiries!" exclaimed Miss Lattimer. "I've got to meet a friend at the eye agent's in an hour. Oh—look here, I'll leave you my card, Mr. Johnson, in case you want my address."

Mr. Johnson looked at the piece of pasteboard and then at Miss Lattimer. Something impelled him to rise and unlock a safe, which stood in a corner of the office. He fumbled about and finally produced four five-pound notes, new from the Bank of England.

"Well, ma'am," said Mr. Johnson, "isn't my usual way of doing business, but—," and there he paused, utterly unable to explain matters to himself.

"When did you say you could pay it back, ma'am?"

"Oh, on the first of July," replied Miss Lattimer. "That's scarcely a month, is it?"

"Then I may expect to see you on the first of July, ma'am," said Mr. Johnson, laying down the notes.

"Certainly you may," exclaimed Miss Lattimer, delightedly. "Thanks awfully!" She stuffed the notes into a gold-mounted purse and smiled at Mr. Johnson with all the innocent pleasure of a child who has got what it wants. "But we haven't arranged anything—haven't I to sign a paper or anything?"

"I think," said Mr. Johnson, slowly, "that we'll leave that over until you pay the money, ma'am. I'll only charge you reasonable interest for such a short loan. Of course, ma'am, you'll not mention this little transaction to anybody," he added, anxiously. "We always keep these matters quiet—very quiet."

"Oh, to be sure!" laughed the girl. "Well, thanks, Mr. Johnson, and goodbye—you'll see me on the first of July dead certain, you know."

On the first of July Mr. Johnson sat in his office in a state of nervous expectancy; but the nervousness had nothing to do with the money which was due from Miss Lattimer. All the morning he waited and all the afternoon and still she came not. And then as evening drew near the postman brought a registered letter and Mr. Johnson opened it and drew out £20 in notes and one pound in gold and a note that smelled of violets.

After a long time Mr. Johnson rose from his desk and looked up the notes in his safe. Then he took the sovereign in his hand and went out into the street. He presently came to the little shop of a working jeweler and entered it timidly. When he came out the sovereign hung on his simple watch chain and his fingers felt for it and caressed it as if it had been a live thing. And that was the end.—Chicago Daily News.

The Good-Natured Business Man.
Blessings on the head of the good-natured business man. He does more good than a missionary. So many business men are cross and unreasonable that a good-natured one has a start that is very valuable.—Aitchison Globe.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The Volunteers of America have 3,000 communicants in the state prisons alone and a large number in the ranks. Dr. Alexander MacLaren, the noted Baptist preacher, of Manchester, England, thinks the danger of the Christian ministry to-day is "dissipation, not concentration."

There was lately inaugurated in the Temple church in London a church guild of journalists, of which the bishop of London has accepted the wardenship.

One hundred and fifty churches in Pittsburgh, representing 12 denominations, have associated themselves in a federation for united aggressive work among the foreign population and neighborhood.

A bachelor of Chicago, who died lately, left his entire estate of \$50,000 in trust to the First Methodist church of that city. The income to be used to clothe the newshy and street waifs for 99 years.

The latest evidence of sympathy shown toward the Salvation Army in Sweden is that the city board of Stockholm has handed over to the management of the army a public bath, which has cost the town some 20,000 kroner for fitting.

President Dwight, of Yale, has given \$100,000 to the university, directly or indirectly, and it is said that during the earlier years of his administration he took no pay, while serving at once as president, university treasurer, and preacher in the college pulpit.

The Colorado college was founded in 1874. In 1888 President Slocum took charge and found only 25 students in both college and the preparatory academy. Not one student was taking a regular college course. The professors numbered eight. In 1898 the college year began with a faculty of 22, of whom 24 are in the college department. The student body numbers 400.

ELECTRIC FOREST.

Some Strange Trees Found in India by a Venturesome German Professor.

A forest of queer trees, more wonderful than any ever known before in all the world has just been discovered by a wise and fearless little old German professor while exploring a never before traveled part of India. The national forestry commission of Germany had sent him out into India to hunt for new and strange plants and other things. His name is Prof. Linsch and it seems that he is a man who is not afraid to go anywhere.

Well, as he was traveling along through the deep jungle in a part of India situated not far from the Arabian sea, he came upon a forest that looked as if the branches of the trees had been done up in curling papers. The branches were all curled in. And the little old German professor said to himself: "These are the funniest looking trees I ever saw in all my life. I will go up and examine them!"

As he started toward them his native guide began to laugh. He thought that was queer, but as he could not understand them very well, anyhow, he matter what they did, why, he kept right on toward the trees. When he got up to them and touched one he received an electric shock that sent him bounding into the air. He could scarcely believe it! The idea that away off there, deep in the wild jungles, where no living person had ever been before, there could be anything like electricity except as it might come from the clouds. And so he went up and boldly put both of his hands on the tree. Instantly he received a shock that threw him to the ground. Getting up, he took a pick and a spade and went to digging down to the roots of one of the trees. Presently his pick struck one of the roots, and as it did so he received a third shock that made him unconscious. When he had recovered he hunted until he found a very little one of the trees. It was only about four feet high. On its branching it received a little shock that only tickled his hand a bit.

Making a camp right near the marvelous forest, the old professor set to work studying and experimenting as to the strange trees. Among other things he found out that no insects or flies or birds could be found anywhere near it, and that apparently no animals of any kind ever ventured near it. When he touched the leaves of the tree with his finger a large bright spark would be seen. The trees all had little brown berries on them, which dried up to almost nothing within an hour after they were knocked from the tree. The professor hoped to discover some way of transplanting some of the trees to other countries.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Royal Headgear.

The coronet of a duke consists of alternate crosses and leaves, the leaves being a representation of the leaves of the parsley plant. The prince of the blood royal also wear a similar crown. The state headgear of a monarch consists of a diadem surrounded by flowers and pearls placed alternately. An earl, however, has neither flowers nor leaves surmounting his circlet, but only points rising each with a pearl on the top. A viscount has neither flowers nor points, but only the plain circlet adorned with pearls, which, regardless of number, are placed on the crown itself. A baron has only six pearls on the golden border, not raised, to distinguish him from an earl, and the number of pearls renders his diadem distinct from that of a viscount.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Defined.

"Pa, what is a hypocrite?"
"A hypocrite, my son, is a man who does what his wife thinks he shouldn't do, and then is too thoughtful of her feelings to tell her about it."—Detroit Free Press.

THE GIANT EMU.

Interesting Information About Australia's Big Bird and Its Beautiful Eggs.

Australia's largest bird is still plentiful in many parts of the country, though there are places where the emu have been so mercilessly killed that the legislature has stepped in to protect them. In New South Wales, a few years ago, an act was passed making it illegal to kill the bird or to take its eggs, under a penalty of \$2.50 per egg, for a period which ended last year; in Queensland the emu evidently stood in no danger of complete destruction, for in 1895 a Sydney paper stated that one boundary-keeper on a sheep farm near Brisbane collected in a single season upwards of 1,123 eggs, which were sold in Brisbane at 25 cents apiece. In former days the "black fellow" and a wild dog were the emu's worst enemies; in more recent times the bird has suffered at the hands of the white man, who hunts it for sport with kangaroo dogs, a fast and powerful cross between the mastiff and greyhound, or shoots it to save his wire boundary fences, which suffer seriously when so heavy and swift a bird runs up against them at full speed. Unlike its African cousin, the ostrich, the emu has no value as a feather-producing bird, though its beautiful eggs, dark green in color and rough of surface, are much in request to be mounted as vases and similar ornaments.

Emus are generally seen in pairs, and during the great plains on whose grass they chiefly live. They nest during the Australian winter, in May and June. They have finer idleness on the subject of nesting than the ostrich, who is content to lay her eggs in a scrap in the sand; the emu chooses a place near some tree or stump, and here collects a bed of leaves, grass or bark. There is a touch of originality about this nest; it is quite flat, only an inch or two thick, and is oblong, about four feet in length and two feet six inches across. The bird is not particular in the matter of materials. She is satisfied with whatever happens to be convenient, often stripping the bark from the tree near which she has selected her site, and using that for the purpose. On this bed the hen lays her eggs, arranging them so that their length lies with the length of the oval nest. She may lay as many as 18 eggs, but this number is unusual, the average "clutch" being only nine; the duty of hatching the eggs is undertaken entirely by the male, who has to devote eight weeks to the business. The bird's habit of laying in the winter is, no doubt, to be explained by the needs of the chicks; these, appearing in the early spring, then find something to eat in abundance the tender herbage on which they live. The plumage of the chick is curiously unlike that of the old bird; the latter is brown, whereas the little one is grayish-white, barred lengthwise with broad black stripes. It is, however, not long before it assumes the dress of the father—brown bird.—Detroit Free Press.

RAGPICKER HELPERS.

New Waste Paper Boxes Placed About the City Lighten His Labors.

The day of the lowly ragpicker has come at last. For years he has been despised and spat upon, derisively, at least. His calling has been synonymous with all that is low and despicable and unworthy. He has been used as a bugaboo to frighten unruly babies. He has had belies and snowballs thrown at him by bad boys, and in short he has been getting the worst of it all around for these many years.

Now it is his turn and he has everybody working for him. Unconsciously perhaps, but none the less faithfully, thousands of reputable citizens have been acting as first assistant rag and paper collectors, and if the unwashed gentleman with the big sack on his shoulders does not appreciate it, he should. All this came about through the introduction on downtown corners of the "clean city" boxes, into which stray pieces of paper, newspapers that have been read and other detritum of the street are thrust by the careful citizens who want a clean city.

In the course of a day these handy boxes accumulate a whole lot of waste paper, and that is where the festive rag picker gets in his work. Every day he makes the rounds and cleans out of the boxes the papers which everybody else has been carefully gathering in convenient places for him. The papers in these for the most part are clean and dry and far more acceptable than those he was accustomed to glean from the gutters and alleys. These latter he now passes scornfully by as he strides from one box to another and gathers in what the merchant, the banker and the shopgirl have been stowing away for him all day long.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Bank of Brides.

Simla, the summer capital of the Indian empire, is a pretty pine-tree place well up in the foothills of the Himalayas. A feature of Simla life is the annual fair held by the native hills people, an attractive item of which is a "Bank of Brides" in an amphitheater, where sit numbers of young women who thus calmly announce that they are candidates for hymeneal honors. Some of these aspirants to matrimony so patiently awaiting a choosing are quite pretty, and have intelligent faces; but those of Mongol caste must needs linger long for a partner. If personal beauty enters into the equation, Edward Page Gaston, in Woman's Home Companion.

As to a Musical Rival.

He—Lucy Johnson done tote me she only tuk a quartah's planner lessons. She—Wal, de way she plays y'd tink she only tuk a quartah's wurth!—Puck.

ON A QUESTIONABLE MISSION.

American Filibusters Going to South America—Their Exact Destination Carefully Concealed from the Public.

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 28.—The first detachment of the filibustering expedition organized here for an invasion of Central America left Kansas City at 10:20 o'clock last night. The soldiers of fortune numbered about 150, and were provided for in four special coaches, which were attached to the regular south-bound passenger train on the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Memphis road.

William G. Thompson, former captain of Co. D, Fifth Missouri volunteers, was in command. On the same train, as regular passengers, were Capt. George P. Whitsett, late of Co. G, Fifth Missouri volunteers; Capt. A. M. Casey, late of Co. M, Third Missouri; and T. A. Witten, a lawyer, who has been active in recruiting the adventurers.

Expect to Take Ship at Mobile. The filibusters expect to take ship at Mobile or New Orleans, though on this point the majority of them have not been fully advised, and at the port of embarkation they expect to be joined by other detachments from St. Louis, Chicago and other cities.

It is now beyond question that the men composing this expedition expect to see fight in Central America. Reports as to their destination have been conflicting, both Guatemala and Honduras having been mentioned, but men who are leaders in the adventure have secretly informed their friends that the real destination is Nicaragua.

Quietly Gathering for Two Months. For over two months recruits have been quietly gathering in here. The men enlisting have been assured that the invaders have good backing, and have been told that capitalists of national prominence are furnishing the money to equip, transport and arm the expedition.

Alleged Purpose of the Expedition.

The purpose, it is alleged, is to secure control of the government of Nicaragua, but whether in connection with the revolutionists now waging war in Nicaragua, or independent of them, is not known. It is hinted that if the expedition shall prove successful the men who are furnishing the money expect to secure valuable concessions and to have something to say about the future control of the Nicaraguan canal. However, others are quite positive that the destination is Honduras, and still others have been told that Guatemala is the republic to be overthrown.

Promised Rich Rewards in Land. Whatever the destination, the men who are to do the fighting have been promised rich rewards in lands in the country to be seized.

T. A. Witten, a lawyer, who has been active in organizing the companies here, and who left with the men last night, declared yesterday that the men had been hired to work on a railroad.

It is a matter of fact, however, that the men are not laborers, and that nearly all of them have been trained by the United States for fighting. Almost to a man they were members of the Third and Fifth Missouri regiments, recently mustered out. Besides the three captains of Missouri regiments and several non-commissioned officers, who went last night, several other officers, men now holding good positions, were urged to join the expedition, being promised handsome rewards.

No Warrant for Arresting the Invaders. Maj. Warner, United States district attorney, and United States Marshal Durham investigated the affair yesterday, but when the band started south last night both declared that they had discovered nothing to warrant the arrest of the alleged invaders. They have advised the Washington authorities fully.

Dr. R. E. Heath, consul here for Honduras, has also notified his government, and the Honduran consul at New Orleans of the movement.

CREATED QUITE A SENSATION.

The Postponement of the Trial of the Quays Denounced as an Outrage—Divergent Views.

Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 28.—The postponement of the trial of Senator Quay created a sensation among the legislators and politicians in Harrisburg. Capt. James Clark, who is in charge at the Quay headquarters, says it is an outrage. He claims Senator Quay was ready and anxious to go ahead with the trial, and that his friends had every assurance that he would be acquitted.

Senator Meredith, a strong Quay man, says the postponement means the election of Senator Quay this week. Senator McArthur, another Quayite, is certain his jury bill will become a law before the time fixed for the trial.

Capt. Wm. Hassen, one of the house democratic leaders, is confident District Attorney Rotherland had good reason to ask that the case go over, and says the postponement will have no effect on the senatorial deadlock, except to prolong it until after the trial. This seems to be the general opinion of the leaders of the faction opposed to Senator Quay.

E. A. Van Valkenberg, the leader of the anti-Quay forces, says the postponement was a great surprise.

Two Wealthy West Virginia Farmers Beaten, Bound, Gagged and Robbed. Wheeling, W. Va., Feb. 28.—Three masked men entered the residence of Fritz and Henry Pape, on the North Fork of Short creek, this county, near West Liberty, Sunday night, beat the two brothers in a horrible manner, bound and gagged them and robbed the residence of a large amount of money, estimated as high as \$5,000. The robbers escaped on horses they stole from the stable. At midnight Fritz Pape was reported in a very serious condition, and may die. The brothers were wealthy.

"Durability is Better Than Show."

The wealth of the multi-millionaires is not equal to good health. Riches without health are a curse, and yet the rich, the middle classes and the poor alike have, in Hood's Sarsaparilla, a valuable assistant in getting and maintaining perfect health. It never disappoints.

Scrofula—"Three years ago our son, now eleven, had a serious case of scrofula and erysipelas with dreadful sores, discharging and itching constantly. He could not walk. Several physicians did not help for sixteen months. Three months' treatment with Hood's Sarsaparilla made him perfectly well. We are glad to tell others of it." Mrs. David L. Lupton, Ottawa, Kansas.

Nausea—"Vomiting spells, dizziness and prostration troubled me for years. Had neuralgia, grew weak and could not sleep. My age was against me, but Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me thoroughly. My weight increased from 125 to 143 pounds. I am the mother of nine children. Never felt so well and strong since I was married as I do now." Mrs. M. A. Waters, 1229 3rd St., Washington, D. C.

Eczema—"We had to tie the hands of our two year old son on account of eczema on face and limbs. No medicine even helped until we used Hood's Sarsaparilla, which soon cured." Mrs. A. Van Wyck, 123 Montgomery Street, Paterson, N. J.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints
Hood's Pills cure liver ills; non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

CURED WITHOUT MEDICINE.

The Man with Rheumatism Comes in Contact with the Hold-Up Man.

"Yes," said the man in the macintosh, lighting another cigar. "It was one of the most remarkable cases I ever knew. Rheumatism 25 years—both shoulders—had to be fed like a little child. Arms had hung helplessly ever since I knew him—no use of them whatever."

"And he was cured without medicine?" asked the man who had his foot on the table.

"Yes."

"Or liniments?" inquired the man with the stouch hat.

"Or liniments."

"And recovered the use of his arms in one moment?" observed the man with the goggles on.

"Yes."

"I've heard of such things," remarked the man in the innersuit. "It was under circumstances of strong mental excitement, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. He was induced to believe he could be cured if only he made the effort, wasn't he?"

"I suppose so. Something or other of that nature."

"Then there's nothing strange about it. The history of medical practice is full of such cases. It was only an instance of what they call faith cure."

"No," said the man in the macintosh, reflectively. "You could hardly call it that. The cure was effected by a man with a revolver, who met him on a lonely road and said:—"

"Hold up your hands! And he held them up."—Chicago Journal.

His Peculiar View.

"Doesn't it sometimes make you gloomy to hear the wind howling about on a wild night?"

"No," answered the man with a careworn look. "I rather like to hear it. The wind doesn't come up and ring your door-bell and ask how about that bill, or tell you you'll get arrested if you don't tag your dog. It doesn't sing 'I won't go home till morning' away off the key and disgrace the neighborhood. It howls because it enjoys it. But it never says anything to hurt anybody's feelings. Sometimes honestly wish that there was more wind in this life and less people."—Washington Star.

Alarms His Suspicions.

If there is on time in a man's life when he is devoutly thankful it is when he feels the old boardie house cat rub up against his trousers at the day when rabbit stew is announced.—Yonkers Statesman.



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is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

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